

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—James Freeman Clarke.

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CENTENARY OF HENRI DUNANT

Well-informed friends of "The Greatest Mother of All" recall that the year 1928 is the centenary of Henri Dunant, whose vision and labor gave to the world the Red Cross

JEAN HENRI DUNANT was born in Geneva, Switzerland, May 8, 1828. His father was a member of the Representative Council and President of the Chamber of Tutelage and Guardianship, charged with the supervision and protection of orphans. At the age of 18 Henri had already visited the sick and poor. Writing on this subject at that time, he said: "I learned in that way to know unhappiness and misery in gloomy bed-chambers, seeing men badly lodged who possessed nothing and were riveted to a chain of innumerable sufferings, who knew neither love nor kindness . . . I understood then for the first time how a lone man is powerless before such overwhelming misfortune, and that in order to be able to help him, be it ever so little, all of humanity ought to enter into the list to struggle against that black misery."

Henri Dunant was 31 when the Italian War broke out in 1859. Traveling as a tourist in Lombardy, he saw the horrors of the battlefield of Solferino. "It was there that I was moved to compassion, to horror, to pity, and that I was able to be the 'Samaritan of Solferino,' as they wished to call me," he writes. "It was at Castiglione that I endeavored to make myself useful even as I tell it in my book, 'Un Souvenir de Solferino.'"

Dunant went to Borghetto after the battle to consult Marshal MacMahon at the head of the main body of troops. He was received with kindness and told to wait at Cavriana for Napoleon III, who rendered the following decision for him: "The doctors or surgeons of the Austrian Army taken prisoners, in dressing the wounded, will be set at liberty without condition and at their request. Those who have given their care

to the wounded are authorized to be the first returned to Austria."

On February 9, 1863, the Geneva Society of Public Utility created a commission of five members to study the question of "the adjunction of a corps of volunteer nurses to the belligerent armies." The International Congress which should have met at Berlin, September, 1863, not having been able to convene, the commission decided to convoke at Geneva an International Conference for October 26, the same year. Nevertheless Dunant went to Berlin to present his views before the International Congress of Statistics, where he requested the neutralization of the sanitary corps. The request was granted.

Dunant then went to Dresden, where he interviewed the King of Saxony, who asked what he could do for him. After Dunant had told his story the King said: "I will do all I can; for certainly a nation which does not unite in this humanitarian work will place itself under the ban of public opinion in Europe."

A visit was then made to Vienna to consult with Archduke Renier. When Dunant asked for the neutralization of war victims and their relief workers and suggested a universal flag of humanity, the Archduke exclaimed, "Quelle magnifique idee!" "What a magnificent idea!" The Archduke promised Dunant that Austria would be represented at the conference.

The first International Conference took place at Geneva, October 26-29, 1863, sixteen states being represented as well as the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. The conference, among other things, passed a resolution that there should be neutralization of the wounded, hospital and personnel, and that an identical flag should be adopted in every country. The Geneva Commission was named, "Comite International," and entrusted with carrying out the resolution of the conference. The following resolution was adopted before adjournment:

"In view of the extreme importance, which

ought to be attributed to the generous initiative taken by M. Henri Dunant and by the Geneva Society of Public Utility upon the question of relief to be given to the wounded on the battle-fields, and in appreciation of the immediate recognition that the measures projected by the conference will have in every country, the members of the International Conference, at the closing of their studies, proclaim that M. Henri Dunant, in instigating, by his untiring efforts, the international study of a way to administer efficient assistance to the wounded on the battle-field, and the Geneva Society of Public Utility, in lending its coöperation to the generous ideal which Dunant put before it, have greatly benefited humanity and have won fame for themselves of universal recognition."

December 23, 1863, Napoleon III wrote Dunant to tell him that he "highly approved of the object of the Geneva Conference and the measures taken to accomplish it," and that he would put him in touch with the Minister of Foreign Affairs for a consideration of the question of neutralization of ambulances, hospitals, the wounded and the sanitary corps.

At a meeting of the International Congress at Geneva, August 8-22, 1864, to consider the resolutions of the Congress of 1863, representatives of twelve nations signed the celebrated "treaty for the improvement of the fate of the military wounded in arms in a campaign."

Dunant was invited by Queen Augusta, in 1866, to assist at the festivals given after the war with Austria. The night of the great court reception the King of Prussia said to Dunant: "I am the first sovereign in Europe who has appreciated the valor of your work and who supported it in 1863. Today all the states have entered into the alliance. The Austrians have left us their wounded, but in spite of that, we have done all that we could for them; they have been better cared for than our own men. I think that you ought to be pleased with us." Turning to Dunant, the Queen then said: "How glad I am to see you. Do you know that I have carried a stretcher for some time and that I am proud of it?"

In 1870 Dunant went to Paris, where he saw Empress Eugenie, who had entrusted him in 1867 to express to the European committees the desire she had to see the benefit of neutrality extend to the naval service of every country. A special treaty was signed to this effect by fifteen nations on July 29, 1899, at The Hague.

In 1871 Dunant created a special committee at Paris for the work of "Prisoners of War" and, during the siege of Paris, he served as intermediary between Germany and France and obtained permission to conduct to some towns recognized as neutral all the women and children, the sick and the aged people, all of whom he conducted

himself to a place of safety, although for him it was not without danger, as he was frequently threatened with death by opponents.

After the Franco-Prussian War Dunant retired from active life, plunged into despair from financial reverses. He made his residence in Heiden, where a home was proffered him at the Heiden Hospital by his good friend, Dr. H. Altherr. Here he slowly recovered from his depression and wrote his memoirs. In 1901, conjointly with Frederick Passy, he received the first Nobel Prize, with a gold medal. But Henri Dunant did not change his way of living, for he bequeathed in his will the whole of his estate to the beneficent works of Switzerland and Norway. He died peacefully in his sleep on October 30, 1910, at Heiden, and his body was cremated at Zurich, in compliance with his wishes. His ashes were laid to rest as three of his nephews and delegations from the Red Cross societies and of Samaritans of Switzerland and Germany, mourned him at this final ceremony.—*By Maurice Dunant, His Nephew, and President of the Swiss Red Cross, in The Red Cross Courier.*

THOUGHT is spontaneous, springing into being like flame. Ideas are born like day from night, after the dawn; one dazzles, and the other illumines.—*Joubert.*

HEART'S GARDEN OF FLOWERS

(Reprinted by request)

OFT in my garden when evening is falling,

The sunset's long rays from out of the west
Throw halos of light on leaves and on flowers
And make their rare loveliness best.

When wandering there I am given to musing,

And sweet thoughts I cherish of friends true
and fine;

Each fair blossom breathes of my best love
unending

For you, ever dearest, oh, Mother o' Mine.

The heliotrope whispers your "faith and devotion,"

With strength from on high to counsel aright;
The hyacinth white tells of "loveliness" always,
And reflects your sweet face with a glorious light.

The lily-of-valley breathes "unconscious sweetness";

While the verberna says that you oft "pray for me";

The dear yellow daisy speaks your "character's beauty,"

And pansies and violets your "thoughts' purity."

The lilies and daffodils, phlox and the larkspur,
 All add their sweet message of comfort and cheer;

And whether the skies bring showers or sunshine,
 They tell me that God's loving kindness is near.
 When evening is falling or morning is dawning,
 My garden, so sweet with the fragrance of flowers,

Is telling the story of God's love and goodness,
 In giving to me such a friendship as ours.

I gather these blossoms so sweet and so fragrant
 And add to them roses; the red, the white, too,
 And oh! that my arms could hold all of the flowers

I need to bear onward my message to you!
 Your strength and your constancy, loyal devotion
 In times when I'm wrong as well as when right,
 Your faith and your spiritual great-hearted service,
 All these make me love you with all of my might.

At morn on your birthday I send you these flowers

As plucked from my very heart's garden of love,
 And the songs of the birds, the sweet birds in their bowers,

Are joining in sounding their praises above.
 May ev'ry good thing in God's bountiful measure
 Forever be yours till the end of all time,
 There's nothing in Heaven or Earth I'm not wishing

For you, ever dearest, oh, Mother o' Mine.

—*Florence B. Child.*

"GOOD HEALTH" NOTES

Courses for parents on nutrition, health, mental hygiene, education of children in changing civilization, development of religious attitudes, the family, speech training, crafts, food preparation, etc., will be offered at Vassar Summer Institute of Euthenics. Children numbering thirty may be brought to the Institute Nursery School, and thirty-five for the Institute School for Little Children. What an opportunity for young parents able to avail themselves of this privilege!

* * *

The Child Study Association has formed, on request, study groups in a large cooperative apartment house, an excellent field for parental education because of permanent residence. Solutions of personal problems are discovered, and the larger social unit broadens the vision.

* * *

Mr. Karl de Schweinitz, Secretary of the Family Society of Philadelphia, urges parents to get

away from sex education on "clinical basis," substituting the cultural approach. They should provide their children with a suitable environment for development, adaptable to special needs. "We must have confidence in our children, know when to stand by and not interfere, and when to let them make their *own mistakes*. What kind of sex education we give to children—as of all education—depends on the stream of life which passes through *our own homes*."

Mrs. Cecile Pilfer, speaking of "good" and "weak" parents, says, "Some parents actually are afraid of their children and show this feeling of incompetency in handling them. This is very different from 'judicious neglect,' which may be used by a wise parent in dealing with certain types of behavior. Stubbornness in a child is usually called out by some mistake in dealing with him. The mistake may not be apparent, and for this reason in each case it is necessary to go back over every step for something which has set it off. . . . It is impossible to set a time at which a well-adjusted child takes over this or that responsibility. In the right sort of home and with happy constructive attitudes between parents and children, the assuming of responsibility is a gradual and almost unconscious growth."—From *Child Study Magazine*.

Mr. Edwin J. Cooley, Chief Probation Officer, Court of General Sessions, says the failure of parents to observe the gradual development of their children produces many problems. Human behavior is caused by "the desire for security, for new experience, recognition and response." These show "an increasingly conscious force, and are checked and counterchecked by the powerful taboos, conventions and hindrances of our complex civilization. The awakening of the sexual instinct is a characteristic problem of adolescence. The biological urge, if not sublimated, sometimes leads to delinquencies that are of a non-sexual nature, such as defiance of school regulations, home abandonment, disobedience." We must therefore see that maturing youth has active vent for self-expression on altruistic or creative lines, and above all, sufficient athletics, teamwork being especially desirable.

"In the Odyssey of Adolescence, no quest is more important than the search for life work and vocational orientation. This quest involves an inventory of the individual's personality, mental and physical capacities and moral and aesthetic resources, together with a complete survey of his environmental background and opportunities. The importance of vocational guidance and instruction in the schools, and wise counselling in the home and community, therefore, requires strong emphasis."

LAURA R. DONNELL.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Stevens, saying that you have sent in. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

APPEALS

1. I still maintain my free circulating library and pass along such magazines as I receive, after reading them.

I can make use of any magazine, literary, scientific, business, or of whatever nature, as I know people in various walks of life, and, after assorting the magazines, I do them up in bundles and send to various destinations.

I receive *The Cheerful Letter* regularly and greatly enjoy it. By my system, various ones who would enjoy it are given privilege to read it, and thus the one copy does multi-duty. Cordially and sincerely, Rev. Alan Pressley Wilson, 1635 Edmondson Ave., Baltimore, Md.

2. Will you please publish a little request for me? writes Mrs. Bettie Wilson, R. 1, Box 23, Dawson, Ala. I have been a widow for four years with three boys, ages 9, 6, 4 and one girl, 8. We live on Sand Mountain, twelve and one-half miles from the city or railroad. We get very lonely, and letters from friends would help, but please send stamps for reply. Embroidery and thread would be appreciated. Dear friends, may God bless each one of you!

3. I would be glad to get cheer, as my husband is sick and unable to work. My girl, 20, is home, too. To pass the lonely days some knitting, crocheting, embroidery or working bed-

spreads would help. For reference, Rev. Lee Dolinger. Mrs. Laura Pennington, Sturgills, N. C.

4. I wish to thank the Cheerful Letter Exchange for their loving kindness in sending quilt pieces and other tokens of friendship. I have tried to answer all individually. I hope my friends will not forget me. Mrs. Charles Neaves, R. 2, Box 75, Grassy Creek, N. C.

5. Mrs. J. R. West, Hemphill, W. Va., is the mother of a darling baby girl, 1½ years old. They are alone a great deal of the time, and Mrs. West would appreciate reading matter or embroidery work, and some toys for the baby. Rev. S. L. Payne, Galax, Va., is her reference.

6. I am a lonely widow with two children, Willie 8 and Dana 11, and I would like to get cheery letters and some good books for the children, also bits of thread and quilt pieces. With love and best wishes, I am, Mrs. Carry Barker, Edison, N. C.

7. I would like to correspond with someone. I am a young married woman and live away from my mother and father and find it lonesome. I have two children, a boy 4 months and a girl three years. I would like some books and some embroidery thread. Mrs. Fred Gardner, R. 2, Polkton, N. C., care of Mr. Dudley Edwards.

8. Myrtle Kingsley, Copeland, Ark., expects to teach school, primary grades, in the Ozark

Mountains. She would appreciate any help from the *Cheerful Letter* friends, especially pictures, stories, cards, crayons, or anything to interest children up to the third year. Some of you will remember her when she wrote before. She is 17 years old, making her way through school. Also a correspondent would be welcome.

9. I am writing in regard to some reading matter. I hope you will send some, and something for my little girls to read. Virgie Eller, Volney, Va.

10. I thank everyone heartily for remembering me in any way, as I have misplaced some of the addresses. We were all taken with the "flu" real hard. I would appreciate some quilt pieces, or any kind of cheer. Mrs. H. B. Pruitt, Rupert, Ark.

11. Elizabeth Miller, Tuckerman, N. C., comes to us for cheer. She is the mother of four children, the eldest one married and the next oldest one helpless. Would some of you dear friends send her a few quilt pieces, as she loves this work in her spare time. Reference, Rev. Avery Powers, R. 2, Box 104, Grassy Creek, N. C.

12. Miss Ethel Hodges, Copeland, Ark., formerly of Clinton, Ark., writes to tell us of change of address. Some of her mail went astray, and she has been ill, but she hopes folks will write her again.

13. I received the December magazine, and noticed a new chairman. If you know of anyone who would like to correspond with me I would be glad. I am 26 years old and owing to illness, have not been to church for eight years. I have a portable phonograph, and I would like some disc records. I haven't many records. Also light reading matter would help. Miss Anna B. Tyson, R. 1, Box 211, Wadesboro, N. C.

14. I am 16 years old, first year in high school. It is three miles to the school, through mud and rain. It is lonesome at home, as I live a mile from the road, back in a hollow, never seeing anyone. I would be proud to receive books and magazines that would help me in my schooling. Hoping to hear from you, Miss Anna P. Smith, R. 4, Dayton, Tenn.

15. Mrs. Bertha Williams, Box 19, Scotland, Ark., is the mother of six children, living on a farm far from church and town. She would be grateful for books, magazines and quilt pieces; also anything to amuse the children—girls, 10, 9, 5; boys, 8, 6, 2.

16. I am just a little girl, 12, and go to school at Leo in the sixth grade. Will a girl my age write to me? Ima Ruth Akin, Leo, Cook Co., Texas.

17. Mrs. William M. Patton, Box 33, Lansing, N. C., would appreciate good reading for herself and something to interest a Sunday-school class of tiny folk. Average age, 6 years.

18. For want of time is the reason I have not thanked everybody who sent me school material, which was certainly appreciated. The U. S. map puzzle was so cute, and the children liked to put it together so well. On February 10, my school-house burned, so the Board of Education moved my school and me over here. My school was two miles from home, over rough roads, one mile of which I had to walk. I also cared for my sick sister, so my time was full. Magazines which I have received will be passed on to others. I wish to thank all for what they sent. Mildred Alley, Walnut Cove, N. C.

19. I will be 67 on my next birthday, May 21, and I hope my friends will please remember me with good books and magazines, and a hardy plant, or a bulb for my window. It has been a long time since I have had a letter in your paper, and I want to thank the one who sends me the *Cheerful Letter*. May God bless you all in your good works is my prayer. Mrs. Mary E. Shelton, R. F. D. 1, Box 49, Lawsonville, N. C.

20. Miss Frances McElvy, Camilla, Ga., was seriously hurt in an automobile accident. Her back was broken, and she can only use her hands and turn her head, a pitiful case. Miss McElvy can read and do fancy work, so will be glad of reading matter, quilt pieces or thread, material for making flowers; in fact anything would help to pass the time. Drawing and painting interest her, too. Perhaps some of the *Cheerful Letter* folks would be glad to correspond with her and help to make her days a little brighter. Reference, Mrs. J. Porter, R. 3, Doerun, Ga.

21. Mrs. J. A. Thompson, 1507 Campbell Avenue, Lynchburg, Va., has not heard from any *Cheerful Letter* friends for a long while. She would like to make a quilt, and would welcome some pieces. Books would be acceptable, too.

22. I want to thank everyone who has sent me quilt pieces, books and magazines. I have been sick most all winter. I would be glad of quilt pieces and thread. Mrs. Ellen Washington, R. 1, Box 17, Endicott, Va.

23. It has been some time since I heard from any *Cheerful Letter* friends. I am just a poor farmer's wife, and have one child. She loves to piece quilts and to embroider. We are very lonesome. My husband is crippled and has not walked in four weeks. I would be glad to hear from the good, cheerful friends. Mrs. Owen Watson, Leo, Texas.

24. Miss Verla Merrifield, R. 4, Box 4, Chillicothe, Texas, is keeping house for her father, as her mother died a year ago. She is 13, with brothers 15 and 9, and a sister 1. Quilt scraps and readings would give her pleasure.

25. I am 14 years old, and would be thankful if you would print my letter, as I want some reading and letters so much. My sister would like some quilt pieces and ribbons. Mamma has

eight children, five girls and three boys. We try to go to school, and anything to help us in our school work would be nice. Our minister is Rev. Goode. We shall look forward to letters. Wishing you all good wishes, Alice Lefler, Ansonville, N. C.

26. Mrs. Mae Jackson, Kerens, Texas, R. 1, Box 193, a widow, 30 years old, has two boys, 8 and 10, and works very hard at farming, or anything to make a living. She would like reading for the boys and scraps for herself.

27. Mattie Campbell, Big Sandy, W. Va., is the oldest (17) of five children—girls, 14 and 12; boys, 10 and 8. Her mother's health is poor. They live on the river in a small mining camp, and they have suffered from the cold. She hopes to hear from someone, and pictures, magazines, quilt pieces or thread would help to make them happy.

28. Would you be kind enough to give me someone to correspond with? I am a girl 16 and live in the mountain country. I have three sisters and one little brother, who are younger. I do enjoy good reading and fancy work. With many thanks, Orvie Lee Dalton, Epperson, Tenn.

29. Mrs. Della Haynes, Elamsville, Va., would be thankful to receive a bundle of quilt pieces. She is an invalid and cannot walk a step. Her two grown girls are obliged to stay home and wait on her, and, as they get lonesome, they would enjoy some good reading.

30. I write again, as I am lonely, having just got over the "flu." Some quilt pieces and books will be a joy. I am 20 years old. I wish you happiness and prosperity. Miss Nona Stuart, R. 2, Box 109, Silas Creek, N. C.

31. Mrs. Lizzie J. Blackburn, Warsaw, N. C., is a widow with an invalid daughter and four grandchildren, who will appreciate books, magazines, and quilt pieces. A correspondent will find Mrs. Blackburn ready to respond.

32. I have read lots of cheerful letters, and would now like a correspondent. Three small boys and one girl are at school. We are making cotton and have to work hard. Mrs. J. L. Morton, R. 2, Peachland, N. C., care of J. A. Leonard.

33. We are farmers living far out in the country. I would like to be remembered with books, letters and magazines. A B C books and pictures would give joy to two young children. Mrs. Mary G. Hall, R. 1, Sandy Ridge, N. C.

34. Mrs. Bernard Wallace, R. 1, Box 97, Glasgow, Va., wants to thank all who have remembered her, and would like to write someone. Her baby has been ill, and, as she gets lonely, embroidery thread and reading would fill in some extra time.

35. Miss Ada M. Stinnett, R. 4, Box 112a, Dayton, Tenn., would love some reading matter. Her reference is Mr. Joe Stewart, R. 4.

36. Miss Samantha Barr of Clifton, N. C., is living alone since the death of her aged mother, and is very sad and lonely. She would be glad to receive anything in the way of cheer. Her pastor's name is Rev. D. L. Sheperd, Clifton, N. C.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Mrs. Paul B. Rucker, from Amherst, Va., to 1624 Bedford Avenue, Lynchburg, Va.

IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. Martin McCullough, R. F. D. 39, Box 60, Sinclairville, N. Y., passed away late in January. See appeal No. 12 in the March issue. Her last letter seems like a benediction.

OFFERS

Books To Be Given to Anyone Who Can Use Them

Address Mrs. B. Farnham Smith, Chairman Cheerful Letter Committee, First Parish Church, Concord, Mass.

4 copies—Comparative Studies in Religion.

Henry Secrest. (An Introduction to Unitarianism.) High school age.

5 copies—Bible as Literature. John Miles Wilson. High school age.

7 copies—First Lesson in Bible. Hall. Ages 12 to 14.

1 copy—Story of Israel. Ages 12 to 14.

1 copy—Hebrew Beginnings. Ages 10 to 12.

1 copy—Jesus of Nazareth. Pack. Age 12.

1 copy—Work of the Apostles. Age 14.

For the following books address Mrs. F. C. Brush, Chairman Cheerful Letter Committee, 29 High Street, Montclair, N. J.

Yeast. Charles Kingsley.

Letters to the Joneses. Timothy Titcomb (1863).

The Culture and Diseases of the Sweet Pea. Taubenhause.

The Principles of Chemistry. Mendeleeff. (3 vols.)

Obermann. Senancour.

Duty. Smiles.

Social Duties from the Christian Point of View. Henderson.

Manual of Phonography. Pitnam & Howard.

The Woman Movement in America. Belle Squire.

More Baskets and How to Make Them. Mary White.

Knicknacks from an Editor's Table. Clark (1852).

The Guns of Europe (A Romance), 1915.

English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century. Thackeray.

Uncle Tom's Cabin. Stowe.
 Aunt Jo's Scrap Bag. Alcott.
 Mischief's Thanksgiving. Susan Coolidge.
 Fishpingle (A Romance of the Countryside). Vachell.
 Adam Bede. George Eliot.
 Queen Sheba's Ring. Rider Haggard.
 Dreams. Olive Schreiner.
 Fables in Slang. George Ade.
 The Necromancers. Benson.
 The Study of a Short Life. Ewing.
 John Halifax, Gentleman. Mulock.
 Warren the Texan Refugee. Warren.
 Marching Through Georgia. Hedley.
 "Bring Me His Ears." Mulford.
 The Last Shilling. Power.
 Bricks Without Straw. Tourgee.
 The Fair God. Lew Wallace.
 In Black and White. Kipling.
 Geraldine (poetry). A Souvenir of the St. Lawrence.
 The Angel in the House (poetry).
 An Observer in the Philippines. Devins (1905).
 Yesterdays in the Philippines. Stevens (1898).
 China's Only Hope. Chang Chih Tung (1900).
 The Real Chinese Question. Holcomb (1907).
 Fez and Turban Tales. Isabel Black.
 Shepard of Aintab (Biography). Riggs.
 A South Window. George Pentecost, D.D.
 My King. Frances Havergal.
 Timothy Titcomb's Letters to Young People.
 A War Nurse's Diary (1918).
 Europe Since 1918. Gibbons.
 Finance, Business, and the Business of Life. B. C. Forbes.
 The American Railway (1897). Illustrated.
 Manufacture, Design and Laboratory Work (Electrical Engineers' Data Book).
 Tools and Patterns. Dowd (Factory Management Course).
 The Modern Gasoline Automobile (1914). Page.
 Modern Business Methods (1912). Teller and Brown.
 Conditional Tales. The Law for Every State (1909). Haring.
 Elementary Lessons in Electricity and Magnetism. Thompson (1897).
 Essentials of Chemistry (1902). Hessler and Smith.
 Elements of Machine Design (1890). Unwin.
 Foundations of Botany (1901). Bergen.
 Manual of Linguistics. Clark.
 Miracle Mongers and Their Methods. Houdini.
 The Triumph of the Man who Acts (Manual on Efficiency). Purinton.
 Mobilizing the Mid-Brain. Pierce.
 Introduction to English Literature. Pancoast.
 The Modern High School. Johnston and Others.
 Sidney's Defense of Poesy.
 Lectures on Medieval and Modern History (1886). Stubbs.

The Survival of the Democratic Principle. Belmont.
 Lyra Americana (Devotional). Rev. George Rider.
 Genesis and Birth of the Federal Constitution. Chandler.
 Life of McKinley. Murat Halstead.
 Life of John W. Davis. Huntley.
 Daniel Webster (Young American's Library). Michael Faraday. Gladstone.
 The Kingdom of the Child. Alice Heniger.
 The Blessed Ministry of Childhood. Barnett.
 Reading—How to Teach It. Sarah Louise Arnold.
 Rip Van Winkle (paper). Irving.
 The Great Stone Face (paper). Hawthorne.
 Disraeli (a play) (paper). Parker.
 Bits of Talk about Home Matters. H. H.
 The Danger Zone of Europe. Charles Woods.
 The Moslem World. Zwemer.
 In India. Steevens.
 Life and Letters of Emily Judson. Kendrick.
 Pilgrim's Progress. Bunyan.
 The Gates Ajar. E. S. Phelps.
 The Destiny of Man. Fiske.
 Prayers for Home Reading. Rev. John Hall.
 Palestine for the Young. A. Bonar.
 Alexander's Evidences of Christianity.
 Faith. Alexander.
 Studies for Personal Workers (paper). Johnston.
 Progressive Bible Studies (paper). Goodman.
 Robinson's Eng. Harmony of the Gospel.
 Songs for Service—Sunday.

THERE is a politeness of the heart, and it is allied to love. It produces the most agreeable politeness of outward demeanor—*Goethe*.

THE object of true education is to make people not merely do the right things, but enjoy the right things; not merely industrious, but to love industry; not merely learned, but to love knowledge; not merely pure but to love purity; not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice.—*Ruskin*.

It is more men that the world wants, not more systems. It is character that our modern life waits for to redeem and transform it; and conduct as the fruitage of character.

It's fair enough. They are using scrapped automobiles to make farm machinery, and the product of the farm machinery goes back into automobiles.—*Los Angeles Times*.

A SINGER OF THE FAITH

ISAAC WATTS, the great hymn-writer of the early eighteenth century, who rescued English hymnody from the sterility and weakness to which it had fallen, and produced some of the greatest hymns in all Christian hymnology, was memorialized when a small band of interested people attended the rededication of his tomb in the churchyard of Wesley's Chapel in the City-road, London.

Dr. Watts, who also was the Rev. Dr. Watts, for he served for some years as a pastor, wrote over six hundred hymns, the best known of which are "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," "Joy to the World," "Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun," and "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross." His hymns took the religious world by storm, and even fifty years or more after his death they sold on an average at the rate of a thousand copies a week. He also was a writer of note on social, educational and theological subjects.

Bunhill Fields, the graveyard where he is buried (as is also John Bunyan, who wrote *Pilgrim's Progress*), is across the street from the chapel, and enclosed on one side by the blank walls of the Honorable Artillery Company Armory and on the other by scores of city offices, is as quiet and remote as any country plot.

Isaac Watts was born at Southampton, July 17, 1674, the year in which John Milton died. He came of a dissenting stock. His grandfather, Thomas, was commander of a man-of-war under Blake. His father, Isaac, was a clothier. He is described as for forty-eight years a deacon of a Congregational Church in Southampton, England.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says: "I would rather risk future fame upon one lyric than upon ten volumes." Isaac Watts will live by his hymns. Until his day Christian song was uncultivated. It is not surprising. Not long before it was only in the lonely passes through the mountains and the woods that men could lift up their voices in praise without danger of being hurried off to prison. The Psalmody was poor indeed. Sternhold and Hopkins and Tate and Brady provided the sickly sentiment, poverty-stricken thought and bad rhythm used in the Church of England, while the Nonconformists had Patrick and Bunyan, with all their weaknesses and vagaries.

The coming of Isaac Watts was as the sunshine bursting forth after a day of clouds. The great Puritans were men of war. Their orations were battle cries, their devotional ardor deep and strong, their eloquence often of the highest order. They wrestled with God, but of Psalmody they knew little. Their religion was expressed in agonizing prayer rather than in the lilt

of song. The festive side of worship was not for them. When Isaac Watts issued his first collection of hymns, throughout the land and across the Atlantic there was a new sound in public worship.

No great poet attains his supremacy except by becoming universal. Isaac Watts overflowed all denominational limitation. Christians of every name delight to join in singing the hymns he composed.

The characteristics of Dr. Watts' verse are tender faith, serene piety and reposeful joyousness. If poetry may be defined as noble thought expressed in worthy language, Isaac Watts is sure of his position. His imagination was as chaste as it was lofty and held by a reverent reticence. For devotional fervor, manly reverence and evangelical experience commend me to Isaac Watts. When my faith wavers and I halt, remind me again of the lines:

Jesus, and shall it ever be
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?

If the morning is dull and the clouds heavy with rain, what better to arouse devotion than "Now to the Lord a cheerful song"? If the occasion be festive, the heart filled with gladness, there is fitting expression in

Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne.

If the heart be very sore and empty and we long for a touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still, what better than to listen to the song:

There is a land of dear delight
Where saints immortal reign?

We do well to restore the tombs of those who have taught us to sing. The prophets of religion have prompted and inspired great movements, but their work goes into the structure and is forgotten. The poets and psalmists remain. Religion is never so powerful as when it can be set to music and sung by the multitude.—J. C. Carlisle, in "*The British Weekly*."

LONDON BRIDGE

OUR apple tree is like a hill, green-clad,
On which a thousand tiny tots from town
Have come out to the country to be glad,
All dressed in white, with pale pink petticoats.
And to the accompaniment of song birds' notes,
Are playing London Bridge is Falling Down.
—Walter Hendricks, in "*Spires and Spears*."

SLEEP

SLEEP has been a mystery of the ages, and upon the solution of dreams many a reputation has been made or lost. The exact nature of sleep and its causes are not yet thoroughly understood. The value and necessity of natural sleep for human beings is universally recognized. It was once an adage that the requirements as regards sleep were, six hours for a man, seven for a woman, eight for a child and nine for a fool. And some one has recently remarked, in referring to the modern youth, that he never went to bed the same day he got up. It has never been conclusively settled whether man can constantly work by day and sleep by night to better advantage than to sleep by day and work at night, but it is proven that only those animals that are naturally night prowlers can work by night to no disadvantage.

So many factors enter the problem as to the number of hours of sleep that no rule can be laid down which will cover all adults except this one—a sufficient number of hours of undisturbed sleep should be had to restore the energy expended during the previous waking period. If this is not had, the balance will be lost, and, sooner or later, health will break down. In the case of children, growth enters the problem as well as expended energy, and this growth ratio must be reckoned with.

Something goes on during sleep which cannot be duplicated by food or rest or any other method of restoration yet devised. Sleep may be extremely deep with one person and extremely light with another, yet the same number of hours in each may achieve the same results. A dreamless sleep appears to be most beneficial, but a dreamless sleep is not always deep. A fairly good guide in determining the hours of sleep which any person, young or old, should have is to give the person all the sleep he can use. Many children are allowed up until late at night and then have to be called and shaken to get up in the morning—a sure sign that they need more sleep. Up to the eighth year a normal child who is active all day can well use 12 hours of sleep. From this age on, the hours of sleep may be very gradually reduced.

Adults must work out their own schedules, but be sure to get plenty of sleep. Train yourselves to sleep when and where you will in spite of noises and distractions. Sleep in a well-ventilated room. Sleep under light-weight covers, warm enough but not too warm. Use a moderately small pillow or none at all. Learn to sleep in different positions and always become fully relaxed. Never have on tight night clothing, and never have on a belt so tight that you can notice it.

All this is easier said than done. Perfection in

anything is hard to attain, but that is no reason to stop trying. And finally, sleep is the cheapest and most effective restorative known.—*Charles D. Cleghorn, M.D., Miami, Fla., Member Gorgas Memorial.*

CITY BALCONY

A BALCONY roofed only by the sky,
Above the hard grey pavements of the street,
Above the endless tread of passing feet—
Almost, the treetops fail to reach so high.

And here as in a coracle I float—
I who am neither city born nor bred,
But from an open seacoast town, instead—
While flows the human tide beneath my boat.

Crowds and confusion cannot reach me here
Though traffic roars a few stone blocks away,
And, headlong, speed onrushing waves of cars.
Within my treetop ark, I still am near
The lovely realm of out-of-doors by day;
By night, a little closer to the stars.

—*Alice Lawry Gould.*

THE northernmost point of Alaska, Point Barrow, is in utter darkness for approximately 40 days in the winter. It is more than 300 miles within the Arctic Circle.

WEALTH

I'm a rich man and I boast it, rich in friendship
tried and true,
And a King's lot would be happier if such friends
as mine he knew.
I'm a rich man and I know it; rich in laughter
and in mirth,
And I wouldn't trade that treasure for the
greatest bank on earth.
I'm a rich man and I shout it. Who in all this
world can see
More of sky and hill and valley than the Lord
permits to me?

When the summer birds are pouring out their
music to the sky,
Can the man whose purse is fatter hear more
melody than I?
Can a hundred million dollars buy more perfume
from a rose,
Or get more of rain and sunshine than my little
garden knows?
Let who will count wealth in figures, pages wide
and columns long,
I'll count mine in lasting friendships and in hours
of mirth and song.

—*Edgar Guest.*

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

THE LITTLE BLUEBIRDS' FIRST FLIGHT

THE morning was bright and balmy, with just enough breeze stirring to enable the Big Elm to rustle and neatly rearrange the leaves on its numerous large branches.

"I'm sure to have some callers on such a lovely day as this," he said to himself. So he continued to tidy himself up until he felt very neat, indeed.

Presently his first visitor arrived and took a seat on the topmost branch. It was his old friend, Roxy Robin. After he had had a short rest and had sung three of his favorite tunes for the Big Elm, he sailed away for a visit with his cousin, who lived in the old apple tree beyond the large white house with green shutters.

Next came Mr. and Mrs. Bluebird and the three little Bluebirds. It was the three little Bluebirds' first flight. They had flown all the way from their home in the old gate post across the road—a very exciting experience.

"I hope I never have to fly that far again!" said the first little Bluebird breathlessly.

"I hope I never have to leave this branch!" said the second one.

"Maybe you won't," said the third son, "if you hold on as tightly as I am."

"But children, you can't learn to fly sitting still!" pleaded Mrs. Bluebird.

"And think of the wonderful sights you will miss if you don't learn to fly and have to stay in the same place all the time!" said Mr. Bluebird.

Only one thing seemed to interest the three little Bluebirds, however, and that was the branch they sat upon, and they clung to it as tightly as their little feet would let them.

Suddenly, though, it began to sway, first one way and then the other.

"Oh!" chirped the first little Bluebird.

"Oh, Oh!" chirped the second one. And the third little one was just about to chirp, "Oh, Oh, Oh!" when he suddenly discovered he was falling, and without quite realizing it he began to flap his wings. The other little Bluebirds did likewise, and the next thing they knew they had flown to another branch halfway to the top of the Big Elm.

But just as they were beginning to calm down and feel comfortable again, it too, began to sway, first this way and then the other. So to keep from falling they had to flap their wings again, and this time they flew to the topmost branch of the Big Elm.

"There," chirped Mrs. Bluebird, proudly, "that wasn't so difficult, was it?" Then she told them to gaze upon the wonderful sight before them.

There was the large white house with green shutters and beyond it were beautiful green fields

and shady trees. By that time the little Bluebirds could scarcely keep their wings still, so eager were they to fly and see the wonderful sights about them. So Mrs. Bluebird led the way and away they flew—that is, all except Mr. Bluebird. He stayed behind a moment to thank the Big Elm for swaying his branches so obligingly. "It was just what they needed to make them fly," said Mr. Bluebird gratefully.

"Yes," said the Big Elm, "I knew it would work. I've been doing it a great many years and it hasn't failed once."—*Christian Science Monitor*.

IN many communities May Day, this year, is being celebrated as "Child Health Day," dedicated to promotion of child health and the "kind of recreation that means invigorated bodies and spirits elevated by the joy of play for play's sake" by the American Child Health Association.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT

THE Owl and the Pussy Cat went to sea

In a beautiful pea-green boat;

They took some honey, and plenty of money

Wrapped up in a five-pound note.

The Owl looked up to the moon above

And sang to a small guitar,

"Oh lovely Pussy, oh Pussy, my love,

What a beautiful Pussy you are,

You are,

What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Puss said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,

How wonderful sweet you sing!

Come, let us be married; too long have we tarried;

But what shall we do for a ring?"

So they sailed away for a year and a day

To the land where the bong-tree grows,

And there in the wood a Piggy-wig stood,

With a ring in the end of its nose,

Its nose,

With a ring in the end of its nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for a shilling

Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."

So they took it away, and were married next day

By the Turkey who lives on the hill.

They dined on mince and slices of quince,

Which they ate with a runcible spoon,

And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,

They danced by the light of the moon,

The moon,

They danced by the light of the moon.

—Edward Lear.

MORE THAN CONQUERORS

PEOPLE are really asking: What has God to do with this human life which bears so many shocks and afflictions? And no answer will carry far which goes dead against the knowledge of the world won by the patient devotion of our science, or goes dead against the humane practice and hopes which have been built up during many centuries. But religion, having the throb of reality and life, can go all the way with science and all the way with social idealism, and then go further, just the little further which means a world of difference. It is not contrary to reason; but it leaps ahead of the halting mind which must have everything explained before it comes to grips with life. The religion of Christ has never pretended to explain or explain away the tragic element in human life. It has in some ways accentuated that element; but it has also made it incidental to something great and purposeful. It has promised to men the power which does not make light of this tragic element, but makes it over into ultimate good, wrests victory from it. And when Christianity loses this bold and faithful note, it loses its very heart. This note does not contradict truth; it makes all truth worth knowing. Every day science is witnessing to the discovery of finer forces, bidding us know that the violent, furious, wasteful, roaring things are not the secret of the physical world. We see in the past the gradual gain of the higher, coöperative intelligence over brute cunning. Ask the social idealist of today for some symbolic figure of his faith and endeavor, and he will point you, not to the braggart conqueror, but to the most helpless creature in the world—the babe. And he will say that this is the promise of the world, and that any civilization must meet its highest ethical judgment in the way it regards the weak and helpless.

It is characteristic of the Christian spirit and attitude to life that the hard facts are faced—hazard, suffering, ill-requital—but are set in the light of a purpose which goes on through us and is, as Sir Oliver Lodge says, “an effort of Deity.” The plot thickens when Christianity takes up the story. God participates in the affair. We become conscious that he has always participated. The heart of the Universe is invested in the battle man is waging. Some quality of new creation is thrusting through. The trouble is travail. Something is being born. The worst things can be made over into part of the best. Things work together, strangely. Every kind of experience worketh hope. The Christian insight goes in the same direction as the investigation of science and the courage of the social idealist; but it goes so far as to carry the banner of challenge into the very thick of all that seems to deny the ultimate goodness of life. It offers no apology for harsh

and ugly things; it tolerates no thought of their permanence; but it affirms that triumph rises up in the midst of defeat, and that the seemingly weak things confound the mighty, because the spiritual, unseen Power, which is God, is back of us all.—*From a sermon in the Church of the First Parish.*

WHERE justice is the standard, heaven is the warrior's shield; but conscious guilt unnerves the arm that lifts the sword against the innocent.—*Joseph Warren.*

MOTHER

In a far-away country village
In a house quite a century old,
That stood with its face to the eastward
To catch the morning's first gold;
In the sound of a murmuring river
That sang on its way to the sea,
There once lived a mother, the dearest
That ever a mother could be.

Her soul was the soul of compassion,
Her charity something divine,
And she found in the roughest of mortals
Something human and gentle and fine.
And to hearts that were broken in sorrow
She brought so much solace and balm
They felt that they leaned on a mother
Which is next to an infinite arm.

She was one of the old-fashioned mothers
That now are quite laid on the shelf,
Whose time was so given to others
She had none to think of herself.
Her life was the simplest, the noblest
That ever her children had known,
And they grew up in gladness about her,
Then scattered to homes of their own.

But oft, as the circling years vanished,
They came back for mother's embrace;
To learn of her counsel and wisdom
And to see the dear light in her face.
But one day they came back to sorrow,
For an angel had come in the night
And borne her away in the darkness
To the beautiful city of light.

But still in our sorrow there is comfort
And solace is mixed with our tears,
For her life and her love are still with us
And will follow us down through the years.
And still the old house in the village
With its rooms full of sunshine and shade
Is filled with the memories of mother,
The dearest one God ever made.

—*Emily Page Webb.*

Pasadena, Calif.

QUIET MOMENTS

Quietness is an expression of power;
 Before the arrow flies
 It is poised;
 Before the gunner shoots
 He aims;
 Before the tiger leaps
 He crouches;
 And before the artist paints his picture
 He draws;
 Quiet moments are pregnant with power
 And hold within themselves
 Great achievements,
 Just as the acorn holds within itself
 The oak tree.

—Anonymous, *New York Sun*.

THE SALUTATION OF THE DAWN

LISTEN to the Exhortation of the Dawn!
 Look to this Day, for it is Life.
 The very Life of Life.
 In its brief course lie all the Verities
 And Realities of your Existence;
 The Bliss of Growth,
 The Glory of Action,
 The Splendor of Beauty;
 For Yesterday is but a Dream,
 And Tomorrow is only a Vision;
 But Today well lived
 Makes every Yesterday a Dream of Happiness
 And every Tomorrow a Vision of Hope.
 Look well, therefore, to this Day!
 Such is the Salutation of the Dawn.

—Translated from the Sanskrit.

THE vanquished have often troubled the sleep
 of the victors.

THE best lessons a man can learn are from his
 own mistakes.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

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1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents* should be sent to the Chairman, Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, 36 Lancaster St., Cambridge, Mass.

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